

Not Quite A Locker Room Experience by gala_apples

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Summary:

At this point in the game, the routine is pretty set. Steve invites over Tommy, Carol, and a girl of his choice, and they party. Have fun, drink a little, turn each other on. Then Tommy and Carol retreat, and Steve sees how far he can get. Tonight is the night it changes.

Not Quite A Locker Room Experience

Author's Note:

A note on the 'mildly dubious consent' tag: Steve is a closeted but accepting of himself bisexual who is invited to have gay sex with a straight couple pretending that MMF is still straight sex. If Tommy knew Steve wasn't just a dude being a bro, he almost certainly wouldn't like it. On the other hand, he was invited, so *shrugs*

Written for the prompt shower/bath sex on seasonofkink.

Steve's girl of the night is Vida Granger. She's super cute; petite with long black hair, always wearing greens that set well against her dark complexion and raven tresses. Not Tommy's type, he likes teased hair, denim and pastels, but Steve's girl doesn't have to be Tommy's type. Steve doesn't get why he even cares, it's not like he doesn't have his own sure thing, in the form of Carol.

Things go well at first. As always, Steve's got a case of beer handy. Six for each of them, not that they have to finish it. Tommy and Carol always do, the lush fucks. Steve's range is more usually three or four. It's hard to complete a seduction when he's too hammered. The fourth guest, well, that's up to her. Steve doesn't tend to invite the uptight, seeing as there's a direct correlation between girls willing to drink and girls ready to fool around, but he's not exactly about the peer pressure either. It's also hard to complete a seduction when she doesn't trust you because you pushed her too hard. Vida happily drinks. She also happily takes off the high heels she came over in, then when rolling up her cuffs takes too much dexterity takes off her jeans totally. She sits on the edge of the pool and kicks her legs in the water. Steve can't take his eyes off her thighs, muscled from field hockey. He really really wants to end the night with those thighs crushing the sides of his face.

Unfortunately that turns out to not be in the cards. Once Tommy and Carol head inside to go fuck in his parents room, Steve makes his

move. He strips down to underwear and jumps in the pool, far enough away from her to not splash her. Some girls hate getting their hair wet, and Vida seems like the type. Steve swims to her, and curls a hand around her calf.

“What do you say we get dry and go inside?”

Vida shakes her head. “Sorry, nope. I know you’re gonna put your hand down my pants, and I’m not feeling it. I think I’m gonna walk home now.”

“Can you walk home?” It’s not a bid to get Vida to stay, it’s a genuine question. Different people handle their booze differently. If he has to call a friend of hers to pick her up, he will. In the almost two years he’s been hosting parties, not once has he had someone get hurt on his watch.

“I’m fine. Fine enough. I live close.”

Steve watches her pull her sleek dripping legs up, heave herself up a little less than gracefully, sling her jeans over her shoulder and grab her heels by the straps. It’s not the tidiest way to leave, but Steve lives in a good neighbourhood, he’s not worried for her. Once the gate closes, he scans the backyard for party detritus. It’s not like these nights are a secret to his absentee parents, he doesn’t have to scramble to hide all hints of goings on. He’d still prefer to not get cuffed backside the head for leaving food out and attracting ants.

He gets as far as collecting the empty beer cans and depositing them on the kitchen counter for rinsing before he gets distracted. It comes in the form of Tommy bellowing his name, which is a relief. Their fuckfest must have been short tonight, and they want to hang more before they take off. It’s a hell of a lot better being drunk with friends than being drunk alone.

Steve wanders through the more obvious places before he ends up finding the source of the name shouting behind the closed bathroom door. Steve’s happiness plummets. They don’t want him. They don’t want to hang out with him. They want him to bring them the condoms they forgot to get before round two. Then his drunken spirits rise once more. This might be some kind of menial chore for

them, but it's also an opportunity to see Tommy naked. Those are rare. Even when they come up Steve can't always take them. There would be literal hell to pay if Tommy saw him checking him out.

With the slightest bit of theatricality Steve bursts the door open. It's his house, of course he knows the best angle to stand to catch full glimpse of the shower, and its clear curtain. "Whatcha need, guys?"

"Come settle an argument, Stevie boy," Tommy demands.

Steve walks in and sits on the closed lid of the toilet. Why yes, he will have a full length conversation with his two hot, naked, wet best friends. Don't mind if he does.

"Lay it out for me," he suggests grandly.

"We were arguing about what makes a person a fag."

Suddenly Steve wants to hurl. His stomach hurts, and he's pretty sure it's not all the carbonation from the beers.

"See, Carol thinks it's any butt stuff. I'm thinking no way. There's that fuckin' wild spot in a dudes' ass, and any fingers can reach it. Why's that queer?"

"Uh..."

"Come on Harrington, don't play me like this. You tryna tell me all the girls you been with, not one of them smart enough to play with your ass?"

If by girls Tommy means Stanley Walters, that one guy from the basketball camp Indiana State hosted, yeah, Steve gets it. He was the only guy Steve's ever been with, because out of city out of mind, but it wouldn't be inaccurate to say he fucked more than he played that week.

"Sorry for the lack of chivalry, Carol but I gotta side with Tommy. Get a girl, nah, a *woman* who knows her stuff, and it's great."

"Really? Even compared to these?" Steve's not expecting Carol to press her breasts fully against the shower curtains, deluge of water

making the plastic stick, but he sure the hell likes it.

“What’s he supposed to do with those babe? Stick his dick between them?” Tommy laughs uproariously, making her pout.

“So then, then, then he might as well be in here with you!”

“I will,” Steve says. The alcohol is boosting his daring, but he’s always been the guy for the risky play anyway. “I’ll come in there. Finger the goddamn life out of you. It’s not like it’s gay. Not if you girlfriend could be doing it, but won’t.”

The bathroom is silent for a second, offer balancing precariously. Then Tommy fucking grins. “Get in here Harrington, show her how it’s done.”

If there’s ever been a time in his life when he’s stripped faster, Steve can’t remember it. Every millisecond more he takes is a millisecond that Tommy and Carol can come to their senses. Finally though, all his wretched clothes are off and he can pull the curtain back. The plastic skidding on the pole as he pulls it shut behind him is music to his ears. He’s not skin to skin with either of them, but this is closer than he ever thought he’d get.

It’s only when he’s reaching out to grab Tommy that he realizes what’s wrong with the picture. As a queer guy, of course he owns lubricant. He’s heard that queers in California like to use Crisco, right before they shove their whole fist in some bottom’s ass, but Steve lives in conservative semi-rural Hawkins Indiana, there will be none of that for him, thank you. As kinky as he’s going to get might in fact be tonight. Steve’s heard a lot of locker room talk, but no ones mentioned threesomes yet. And in order to have this one, he needs lube, which of course isn’t in the first floor shower, because why the fuck would it be?

“We have two choices. Someone can get out of the shower and get the lube from my room, or I can try my best with the shower gel.” Steve knows from Stanley based experience that soap is not great, it burns like hell. Still, it’s better than trying this dry.

“I’ll get it. I know where it is. We might fuck on your parents bed, but

we use your lube. There are some lines we won't cross." Tommy opens the curtain and leaps out with his typical post orgasm energy. This might be the first threesome, but that doesn't mean Steve hasn't spent time with a very satisfied couple more times than he can count. He knows how they act.

So now it's just him and Carol in the shower. He takes a step or two closer, so he can actually get some of the spray on himself, get warm before he gets goosebumps. If he's being honest, even if he had realized he probably wouldn't have dared leaving the bathroom to get it, too scared of them changing their minds in his absence. This is a mighty awkward silence.

Crushingly, Steve finds himself being a good man. "If this is like freaking you out, I can leave. We probably won't even remember this in the morning." Steve will literally never forget this, he'll forget his own name first, but sometimes you have to lie to be a good person.

"No, it's whatever. It's fine. Tommy's an idiot, but it's fine. It makes life interesting.

It's not the most ringing endorsement, but it's enough for Steve. Interesting is not a no. He nods, and for lack of something better to do, rakes his hair back with his fingers.

"You want to make out?"

"Uh-"

"You're putting your hand up his ass to educate me, I think you can kiss me. Hell, maybe you'll teach me something too."

It's moments like these that Steve is proud of how into domineering women he is. He can't always get lucky that way, the Hawkins high female population is only so big, but it makes for a great treat. Kissing Carol is so great, in fact, that Steve's still doing it when Tommy comes back in the room. He freezes, half sure Tommy's gonna wallop him. Luckily, that's not remotely what happens. Instead Tommy clambers back over the lip of the shallow bathtub and slaps Carol on the ass.

“Looking good sweetheart. My favourite girl with my favourite guy, hows about that?”

Steve decides not to press his luck, and get the show on the road. He drops to his knees, the tub slick and firm underneath him.

“Harrington?”

“Pass me the lube, Hercamp.”

Tommy drops the bottle, and it clatters around the slightly curved floor with the same amount of noise and shampoo bottle would. Unlike those occasions, Steve doesn't burst into profanity as he scrambles for it. The only disaster would be if the lid opened, wasting precious lubricant, but it hasn't.

“So, it's always a bit rough, at first. Better to start off with a little something extra to take the edge off.” Steve puts his mouth on Tommy's cock at the same time that he pushes his coated finger in just past the first knuckle. Tommy's hand balls into a fist and he slams the peach tile wall. It doesn't sound like discomfort to Steve. He has no doubt that if Tommy didn't like it he'd be getting punched in the face.

Confident in this newfound knowledge, Steve presses in deeper with his finger. He's not testing Tommy anymore, he's working at this. He's opening him up, and he can feel Carol's drunken leer. He wonders if she wants him to fuck Tommy. He wonders if he would, if asked to. Steve all but moans around Tommy, then teases the slit of Tommy's cock with his tongue. The water from above is running in rivulets down his face, and he's got precome smeared inside his mouth. He couldn't be any happier.

Steve works his finger into Tommy as deeply as he can, simultaneously sucking on his cock as hard as he can. There's no illusion of doing it for the benefit of easing off the pressure, not any more. Steve's way past that, swallowing around Tommy's cock to make himself take it deeper. He's almost all the way down the shaft now, a wet mat of hair against his face.

“Gah,” Tommy groans. “Steve. Move your fuckin' head. If you're

gonna suck it, suck it.”

Tommy’s getting seriously twitchy. Not in a ‘just realized how gay I am’ way. In a ‘fiending for sex, why aren’t I coming yet’ way. As far as not getting bashed goes, it’s a much better type of twitchy. Steve pushes a second finger in beside the first, prompting another punch to the wall. Steve starts to finger fuck him in earnest, grinning all the while. Not that it’s easy to tell, what with his mouth still stretched around Tommy’s cock.

Tommy comes hard, bucking pelvis the least of his spasm. Steve downs Tommy’s come as best he can. He chokes a little, more a swallower in theory than practice. As he pulls off, a small trickle emerges from the corner of his mouth, dribbling down to his chin. The shower stream has it off his skin in nanoseconds, but the impression of it lingers.

“Hot damn, Steve. Seriously. That was great.”

Is Steve just feeling sensitive, or is Tommy’s machismo even more exaggerated than usual? He’s standing still- no, he’s leaning still, against the tile. How does it still seem like he’s swaggering?

“That was really hot, Steve.” Despite being nearly identical to Tommy’s, Carol’s compliment is a balm to his suddenly aggravated soul.

“Yeah,” he says, shifting backwards so he can stand in the unoccupied part of the shower, the part furthest from the shower head. His erection is visible from space, and yet neither of them is making a goddamn move. “Yeah, call me sex God Harrington.”

“You should try being so hot, Tommy,” Carol says. There’s a cattiness to the comment that Steve appreciates. He’s not sure why he’s feeling so annoyed by the obvious lack of reciprocation. He went into this knowing there was no way Tommy was ever going to touch his dick. Apparently it’s another situation where theory is different than practice.

“Excuse me?”

Carol reaches beyond Tommy to pat his cheek with neatly painted fingers. A girl like Carol doesn't let her polish chip. "I'll work on it, Steve. For now though, kinda need to get the hell out."

"See ya later, Harrington. We're gonna drain the hot water tank, if you don't mind."

Steve snags one of the wide luxury towels from the rack, slings it around his body, and leaves as requested. If Carol's saying what he thinks she is, that she's going to work to make Tommy open minded enough for a second run at a threesome, one where maybe everyone gets off, well, good luck to her. For the sake of his blue balls, Steve'd rather invest in chatting up another girl. Nancy Wheeler is pretty cute.

Author's Note:

So I had this sudden headcanon that the reason Tommy and Carol are so quick to shit on Nancy is because they're jealous of how much Steve likes her. It sat in the back of my brain for a while, then I just had to write it.